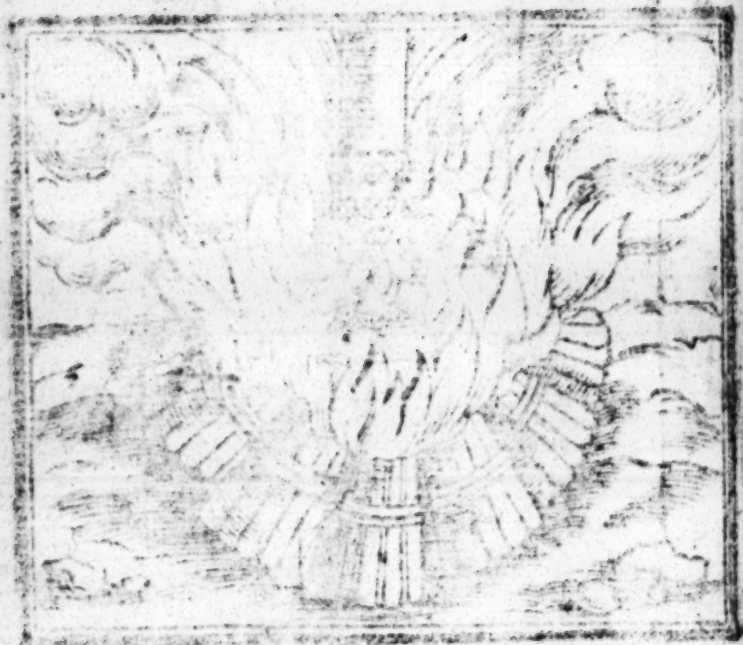




William Clarke Esq. Book
 Witness By Christian Brother
 Anno Domini 1836. Jun 10.



Handwritten text, likely a title or description, in a cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and the quality of the reproduction. It appears to be written in a historical or religious context, possibly in a language like Latin or Old English.

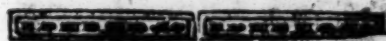
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THE B O O K E O F MARTYRS.

VVherin are set down the names
of such Martyrs as suffered persecution,
and laid downe their liues for witnesse-bearing
vnto the Gospell of Christ Iesus; drawne
downe from the Primitiue Church, to these
later times, especially respecting such
as haue suffered in this Land vnder the
tyranny of Antichrist, in oppo-
sition to Popish Errors.



L O N D O N,
Printed by I. B. and are to be sold by
Iohn Wright iunior at his shop in the Old
Bailey neere vnto *Newgate*, 1635.



A brief Catalogue

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under the tyranny of Antichrist, in
opposition to Popish errors.

I Sing their deaths (who dying made death yeeld)
By Scriptures sword, and Faiths unbattered shield,
Whom Satan, men, or monsters could not tame,
Nor force them to deny their Sauours Name.
Evangelists, that did the Gospell write,
Apostles and brave Martyrs that did fight,
Gainst death and hell, and all the power of sinne,
And boldly di'd eternall life to win.

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

John Baptist by King *Herod* lost his head,
Who to the world repentance published.
Our blest Redeemer in his Loue did follow,
And conquered death mans sinfull soule to hallow.
He was the death, of death, and he did quell
The sting and power of Satan, sinne, and hell.
And vnder his great standard, valiantly,
A number numberlesse haue dar'de to dy.
Through bondage, famin, slavery, sword, and fire,
Through all deuised torments they aspire,
Victoriously to gaine th'immortall Crowne
Of neuer ending honour and renowne.
Saint Stephen was the third that lost his breath,
And (for his masters sake) was stonde to death:
And after him in Scripture may be read,
Th'Apostle *James* was brain'de and butchered.
Saint Marke th'Euangelist in fier did burne,
And *Bartholmeu* was flead, yet would not turne:
Saint Andrew like a valiant champion di'de,
And (willing) on acrosse was crucifi'de.
Mathias, Philip, Peter, and *Saint Paul*,
Stonde, crucified, beheaded, Martyrs all.
Th'Apostles of their liues no reckoning make,
And thinke them well spent for their Sauours sake.
The tyrant Emperours, in number ten,
(Most cruel, barbrous, and in humane men)
More Christians by their bloody meanes did slay,
Then

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

Then for a yeare fift thousand to each day.
And many Roman Bishops in those daies,
Were Martyr'd to their high Creators praise:
And though each day so many thousands bleed,
Yet doubly more and more they daily breed.
As Camomile grows better being trod,
So death and tortures, drawes more vnto God.
Or as the vine, that's cut & prun'd beares more
In one yeare, then it did in three before:
This bloody persecution did out-weare
After Christs death the first 300 yeare:
Thus did the primitive Church first endure,
Being Catholike, Apostolike, and pure:
Then ouer all the world was truly knowne,
That Romish Bishops claimed but their owne,
In their own Dioces to be cheife Pastor,
And not to be the worlds great Lord and master.
And now our Britaine glory will I sing,
From *Lucius* reign, the worlds first Christian King,
Vnto these daies of happy peaceful state,
A Catalogue of Martyrs I'll relate:
First *Vrsula*, and eleauen thousand with her,
All Virgins, for Christs Faith did die together.
Then *Hengist* with the Saxons hither came,
Who many kill'd with sword and furious flame.
Besides eleuen hundred Monks were kill'd,
At Bangor Abby all their bloods were spill'd.

And when the Saxons race to end was run,
 The Danes came in, and all the Kingdome won.
 Before whose swords did many thousands fall,
 Which on the name of Iesus Christ did call.
 Then *William* Conqueror with a multitude,
 Vnto the Normans yoke this land subdu'de,
 The Pope then caus'd all priests to leaue their wives,
 To leaue foule Sodomiticke single liues.
 Then afterward in second *Henries* reigne,
 Was sawcy Sir, Saint *Thomas Becket* slaine;
 A Popish Saint and Martyr made, because
 Hee died a traitour to his Soueraignes Lawes.
 King *Henry* and King *Richard* dead and gone,
 Their brother *John* (by right) ascends the throne.
 Whom, at his life the Pope of *Rome* did vex,
 And with oppressions all the Realme perplex;
 With candles, hooke, and bell, he curst and blest,
 And Bulls and Legats did the King molest;
 Vntill such time he on his knees fell downe,
 And to the Pope surrendred vp his Crowne.
 At last because he durst the Pope withstand,
 He died impoyned by a Friers hand.
 When thus by treason they had kill'd King *John*,
 Then the third *Henry*, Englands Crowne put on:
 Then England bought the Romish doctrine deare,
 It cost her threescore thousand markes a yeare.
 For *Agnus dei*, pardons, *Peter* pence,

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

For which the Pope had all this coyne from hence :
King *Henry* died, then *Edward* took the sway,
His sonne and grandchild, England did obey,
The first of them call'd Longshanks, conquests won,
Lost by *Carnarvan* his vnhappy son,
Who by his *Queene* was in a dungeon cast,
Till (being murderd) sadly breath'd his last.
Edward the third, a braue victorious King,
Did Frenchmens pride into subiection bring.
Richard the second next to raigne began,
VWho lost more then his royall grandsir wan.
Then gan *Iohn Wickliffe* boldly to begin
To preach 'gainst Anti-christ, that man of sin,
VWho many troubles stoutly did abide,
Yet (spight the Pope) he naturally di'd;
And being dead, from out his graue was turn'd,
And had his Martyr'd bones to ashes burn'd;
VWhich ashes they did cast into a brooke,
Because hee had the Romish Faith forsooke.
Yet whilst the second *Richard* here suruiu'd,
No Martyrs were by fire of life depriu'd.
Henry the fourth was in the Throne inuested,
In whose raigne many were too much molested.
And *William Sautre* first his life did giue
Through flames of fire, who now in heau'n doth liue
The next *Iohn Badby* in the furious flame,
And *William Thorp*, but wan immortall fame.

Then

- Then the fifth *Henry*, a victorious Prince,
 The Realme of *France* did conquer and conuince.
 The good Lord *Cobham* then (Oldcastle nam'd)
 By popish priests an hereticke proclaim'd.
 Vvas hang'd and burn'd by the vnlawfull doome,
 Of Satans seruants, slaues to hell and *Rome*.
 And leauing some vnnam'd, *John Browne* Esquire,
John Beuerly a Preacher died in fire.
 Besides a number from the *Lolards* tower,
 Racks, tortures, halters, and the flame deuoure.
John Hus a glorious Martyr of the Lord,
 Vvas in *Bohemia* burned for Gods VVord.
 And reuerend *Ierome* did to *Constance* come,
 From *Prage*, & stoutly sufferd martyrdome.
 In *Smithfield* one *John Claidon* sufferd death,
 And with him *Richard Turming* lost his breath.
 At this time sixteene godly folkes in *Kent*,
 The Antichristian vassals did torment.
 Then death cut of the fifth King *Henries* raigne,
 The Crown the sixt king *Henry* did obtaine.
 And *William Taylor* a true zealous Priest,
 Did passe through fire vnto his Sauour Christ.
 Good *Richard Housedon*, with him *Willyam White*,
 Each vnto God (through fire) did yeeld his sprite,
 Duke *Humphrey* (though no Martyr) kill'd in's bed,
 And *Richard Wyche* a priest was burned dead.
 Then Saint-like good King *Henry* was depos'd,

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

by the fourth *Edward* in the Tower inclos'd:
Then *Edward* fled, and *Henry* once againe,
by *Warwicks* power the Kingdome did obtaine.
Thus did the various state of humane things,
Make Kings of Captiues, and of Captiues Kings:
Vntill at last King *Edward* turning back,
Brought *Henries* royalty to finall wrack:
In whose raigne *John Goose* (as the story saith) &
Was the first Martyr, burned for Christs Faith.
King *Henry* in the Towre was stab'd to death,
And *Edward* yeelded vp his life and breath.
His son young *Edward*, of that name the fift,
Whom the third *Richard* from his life did list,
Who by foule murders, blood, & tyranny,
Vsurp'd the throne of Englands Monarchie;
Till valiant *Henry*, of that name the seuen,
Kill'd him, and made vneuen *England* euen:
Then first *Ioane Broughton*, & a man call'd *Babram*. 1.
By faith (through fire) went to old father *Abram*.
An old man was in *Smithfield* burnt because
He did resist against the Roman Lawes.
One *Ierom* hang'd and burned on the Gallowes, 1
In *Florence*, with two other of his fellowes:
And *William Tisworth*, *Thomas Bernard*, and 4. 1.
James Morron, cause they did the Pope withstand, 2.
Burn'd all, and father *Rogers*, & old *Reine*, 1.
Did die by fire, a better life to gaine.

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

2. 3. One *Thomas Nouice*, and one *Thomas Chase*,
Dide Constant Martyrs by the heavenly grace.
1 A woman and a man call'd *Laurence Guest*,
By death gain'd euerlasting life & rest:
Besides a number past mans reckoning vp,
For Iesus sake dranke of afflictions cup.
Some carried fagots through a world of mocks,
Some rack'd, some pin'd, some fettred in the stocks,
Some naked strip'd and scourged with a lash,
For their reiecting of the Romish trash.
Some branded in the cheeke, did alwaies beare
The marke and badge of their Redeemer deare.
Thus the insulting tyrannizing Pope
VVith cursings, faggot, fire, and sword, and rope,
Did force the soules, and consciences of men,
To run despairing to Damnaions den.
And those who valiantly his power withstood,
Did seale their resolution with their blood.
Before his triple, treble, trouble Crowne,
(In adoration) Emperours must fall downe,
VVere they as high as any *Cesar* borne,
To kisse his feet they must not hold it scorne.
Henry the sixt, the Emperour did fall downe,
VVhom with his feet Pope *Celestine* did crowne.
Henry the fourth his Emperesse and young son,
All three to Rome did barefoote goe and run:
And three daies so these three did all attend,

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

His holinesse a godlesse care to lend,
Which afterward was granted, on condition,
That he should giue his Crowne vp in submission;
Pandulphus the Popes Legat with a frowne,
Did make King *John* of England yeeld his Crown.
King *Henry* of that name the second, hee
Kneeld downe and kist the Romish Legats knee.
The Emprour when Pope *Adrian* was to ride,
Did hold his stirrop on the meere wrong side,
For which his Holinesse in angry sort,
Disdainefully did check the Emp'rour fort.
When as the Pope doth ride in Cope of gold,
Kings (like to foot-men) must his bridle hold,
In pomp he must be borne vpon mens shoulders,
With glorious shew, amazing the beholders,
Whilst Kings and Princes must before him goe,
To vs her him in his vaine-glorious shewe:
This being true, as no man can deny,
Those that will not be blinde may plainly spy,
That their insulting proud commanding Priett,
Is absolute and onely Anti-Christ;
He exalts himselfe 'boue all that's called God,
Vpon the Emperours neck hee proudly trod:
He is th'abomination (void of grace)
That mounts himselfe into the holy place:
He makes the Princes of the earth drinke vp,
And quaffe the poyson of the cursed cup,

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

Who being drunken with the dregs of sin,
They haue his sworne and forsworne vassals bin,
Bewitched with his foule enchanting charmes,
Gainst one another they haue rose in Armes,
By forraigne & domesticke bloody broiles,
Whilst he hath filld his coffers with their spoiles:
His double dealing too too plaine appeares,
In setting Christian Princes by the eares,
VWhilst hee into his auaritious hands,
Hath seiz'd their persons, moucables and lands:
And as the Christan Kings themselues made weak,
The *Turke* into their Kingdomes gan to breake;
And thus the *Turk* and *Pope* ioyn'd with the Deuill
Haue bene the authors of all Christian euill.

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The second Booke.

WHen the seventh *Henry* in his graue was laid,
And the eight *Henry* Englands Scepter swaid,
Romes bloody persecution raged more,
In *England*, than in ten Kings raignes before:
And therefore Reader, in this little Booke,
For euery martyrs name thou must not looke:
But men of chiefeft note, respect and fame,
That died in *England*, onely those I name.
And first the Papists tyranny began,
In murtherring *Richard Hun*, a zealous man; 3
For being kept in prison by their power,
They closly hang'd him in the *Lollards Towre*.
And then they all in generall decreed,
Reporting *Hun* himselfe had done the deed.
And sixteene daies iust after this was done,
They burn'd the foresaid corps of *Richard Hun*.
Then to the number of full thirty five,
The furious flames did all of life deprive;
In seuerall places of this wofull land,
Because they did the Pope of *Rome* withstand.
At which time *Thomas Bilney* did beginne, 4
To preach and teach gainst Antichristian sinne;
Where in *Saint Georges Church* in *Ipswich Towne*,
The Papists from the Pulpit pluckt him downe;

And

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

And as in dolefull prison he did lie,
He put his finger in the flames to trie;
He prou'd, and God did giue him strength to beare
His death, to liue with his Redeemer deare.

The next of note was one *John Frith*, a man
Of learning great, a Martyrs fame he wan.

Then learned Luther, and graue Zwinglius,

With Calvin, Beza, Oecolampadius,

All glorious, gracious reuerend lamps of light,
Were Instruments to cleare beare *Englands* fight,

6. In *Flanders* *William Tindal* for Gods Word,
Was sacrific'd to glorifie the Lord.

9 *John Lambert* valiantly his death did take,
And burn'd in *Smith-field* for his Saviour's sake.
About this time that honorable man,

Lord *Cromwell*, life, and timelesse death began;
He like an earth-quake made the Abbies fall,
The Fryeries and the Nunneries all.

This famous noble, worthy *Essex* Earle,
This Iem, this Iewell, this most Orient Pearle,
Was for his truth, from all he had discarded,
And with his heads losse, all his Faith rewarded.
The next of worthy note by fire that dide,

Was good * Anne Ayscough, who did strong abide
Racks, tortures, & the cruell raging flame, { Doughtie
To magnifie her high Creators name. { Sir William
Ayscough

Then gan the Kings eyes to be opened quite, (Knight.

Daughter of
Sir William
Ayscough
(Knight.

lightened by the euerlasting light.
he banisht superstitious idle fables,
and packt the Papists hence with all their bables;
then *Bonner, Gardner*, brethren both in euill,
Actors and Actors, blood-hounds for the Diuell,
their burning fame to infamy soone faded,
they godlesse, gracelesse, were disgrac'd degraded.
The King thus hauing this good worke begunne,
he died, and left the Kingdome to his sonne.
Then raig'n'd yong *Edward*, that sweet Princely child,
by whom all popery was cleane exil'd.
That he too good to liue 'mongst wicked men,
th' Almighty tooke him hence to heauen agen :
So sooner *Edward* was laid in his Tombe,
that *England* was the slaughter-house of *Rome*,
Gardner and *Bonner* were from prison turn'd,
and whom they pleas'd were either sau'd or burn'd :
Queene Mary imitating *Iezabel*,
aduanc'd againe the Ministers of hell :
Then Tyranny began to tyrannize,
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Then Master *Rogers* with a Faith most teruent,
Was burn'd, and died (in *Smithfield*) Gods true seruant.
Next vnto him did *Laurence Sanders* die, 2
by fire (for Iesus sake) at *Coventry* ;
Hee did imbrace, and kindly kisse the stake,
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And Doctor Taylor, a true zealous man,
At Hadley burn'd, eternall glory wan.
Then Bishop Farren, next his life did spend,
In fire to gaine the life shall never end.
7 Next William Flower first did lose his hand,
Then burn'd, because he did the Pope withstand.
8 In Essex Thomas Hooker, with faith victorious,
Did die with fire to gaine a life most glorious.
9 Master John Bradford (for his Saviours sake)
In Smithfield burn'd, a godly end did make.
10 Two reverend Bishops, Father Lamer,
And Ridley, each of them a heavenly star,
Liu'd in Gods tears, and in his favour di'd,
At Oxford burn'd, and now are glorified.
11 John Philpot gladly did the fire embrace,
And died, and lines in his Redeemers grace.
Then that graue Father, and religious man,
Arch-bishop Crammers troubles hot began,
His pompe, his state, his glory & his pride,
Was to know Iesus, and him crucified.
He liu'd a godly Preacher of Gods word,
And di'd a glorious Martyr of the Lord.
12 John (arcles in close prison carefully,
Did change his cares for ioy eternally,
But this small volume cannot well containe,

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

One quarter of the Saines in *England* slain.
In *Henries* raigne and *Maries*, (cruell *Queene*)
Eight thousand people there hath slaughtered been.
Some by the sword, some hang'd some burn'd in fire,
Some staru'd to death, in prison, all expire:
Twelue thousand and seven hundred more beside,
Much persecuting trouble had abide, (Stocks)
Some wrackt, some whipt, some tortur'd some in
Some doing penance with a world of mocks;
Some with iron in the faces burn'd,
Some out of all their goods to beggery turn'd.
Some bare soore, bearing taggots on their shoulders,
Were made a wondring stock to the beholders:
All this and more, much more they did endure,
Because they would not yeeld to false impure.
But now to speake the lawlesse cause whereof,
And why these people troubled were so fore,
Because they would not make their plaints & moanes,
To senselesse images, dead stocks and stones,
Because they said the Sacramental bread,
Is not the Lord which shall iudge quicke and dead.
Because they not beliened a Purgatory,
And held the Popes decrees an idle story.
Because they would not creepe vnto the crosse,
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A Catalogue of Martyrs.

Because they knew the Pope, and all his crue,
Hel-hounds whom Heaven (in rage) on earth did spue.
And in a word, they thus were ouer-trod,
Because they truly seru'd the liuing God.
This was the maine and onely cause of all,
Because they would not offer vnto *Baal*.
The Popes outrageous and contagious actor,
Was Bishop *Banner*, hells most truly factor:
Romes hang-man, and the firebrand of this Realme,
That with a flood of blood did ouerwhelme,
The true beleeuers of Gods holy truth,
He butchered, not regarding age or youth.
With him was ioynd a man almost as ill,
Who tooke delight Gods seruants blood to spill;
Call'd *Stouen Gardner*, *Englands* Chancellor,
And Bishop of the Sea of *Winchester*:
These two did strue each other to excell,
VWho should doe greatest seruice vnto hell;
Vntill at last God heard his seruants cry,
And each of them did die immediatly.
Thus when *Iehanab* heard the iust complaints,
Of his beloued, poore, afflicted Saints:
Then this too cruell Pope defending *Queene*,
(The bloodiest Princeesse that this land hath seene)
She did de cease, and persecution ceast,
And tired wofull *England* purchast rest.
Queene *Mary* being dead, her welcome death,

Reuin'd

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

gain'd our ioyes in blest *Elizabeth*,
numerable were her woes and cares,
abundance were the subtill wyles and snares,
which Satan and his Ministers oft laid,
foreaue the life of that most harmelesse maid.
she was accusde, abusde, reuilde, miscalld,
she was from prison vnto prison halld :
long in the Tower she was close prisoner shut,
her louing seruants all away were put :
from thence to *Windsor*, thence to *Woodstock* sent,
closely claude vp from all the worlds content ;
but God, whose mercies euer did defend her,
did in her greatest sorrowes comfort send her.
he did behold her from his throane most high,
and kept her as the Aple of his eyes.
Yet hell and Hell-hounds still attempt to spill,
Yet the Almighty guards his seruants still.
And hee at last did ease her sorrowes mone,
And raisde her to her lawfull lawfull throne;
This royall *Deborah*, this princely dame,
Whose life made all the world admire her fame.
As *Iudith* in *Bethulia's* fame was spread,
For cutting off great *Holophernes* head :
So our *Eliza* stoutly did beginne,
Wt topping and beheading Romish sinne.
Shee purg'd the land of Papistry agen,
Shee liu'd belou'd of God, admir'd of men :

She

A Catalogue of Martyrs

She made the Antichristian Kingdome quake,
She made the mighty power of *Spain* to shake,
As farre as Sunne or Moone dispeareft their raies,
So farre and further went her matchlesse praise.
She was at home, abroad, in euery part,
Loadstarre and Leadstone to each eye and heart,
Supported only by Gods powerfull hand,
She foure and forty yeeres did rule this land,
And then she left her royall Princely seat,
Shee changed earths greatnesse to be heauenly great.
Thus did this *VVesterne* worlde a great wonder (die),
She fell from height to be aduanc't more high,
Terrestriall Kings and Kingdomes all must fade,
Then blest is shee that is immortal made.
Her death filld *England* full of feares,
The Papists long'd for change with itching teares,
For her decease was all their onely hope,
To raise againe the doctrine of the Pope.
But he whose power is all omnipotent,
Did their vnhappy hopelesse hopes preuent,
Succession lawfully did leaue the Crowne,
Vnto a Prince, whose vertue and renowne,
And learning doth but strip all Kings as farre,
As doth the Sunne obscure a little starre.
VWhat man (that is but man) could baffle more,
Romes seuen-headed purple, beaustly whore,
How wisely hath he *Ballantine* confuted,

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And how diuinely hath he oft disputed.
How zealously he doth Gods Faith defend,
How often on Gods word he doth attend.
How cleme[n]t, pious, and how good,
Is hee, as his the greatnesse of his blood.
Wert not for him, how would the Muses
He is their parterne, and their Patron too.
He is th' Apollo from whose radiant beames,
The Quintessence of Poetry our beames,
And from the splendor of his piercing raies,
A world of worthy writers winnes the baies.
Yet all the worthy we come so transparent,
And so well knowne in him to be inherant,
Cannot perswade the Papists leaue their life,
VVith cursed treasons to attempt his life.
For when their disputations haue't them past,
They would dispute in a damned powder plot
In which the Rascalls went beyond the Coast.
For hell could not invent a plot so euill,
But he that plac'd him on his royall throne,
(The God of *Iacob*, *Iudahs* holy one)
That God (for Iesus sake) I doe beseech,
(VVith humble heart, and with vnfaigned speech),
That he and his, may *Britaines* Scepter sway,
Till time, the world, and all things passe away.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

She made the Antichristian Kingdome quake,
She made the mighty power of *Spaine* to shake :
As farre as Sunne or Moone dispearst their raies,
So farre and further went her matchlesse praise :
She was at home, abroad, in euery part,
Loadstarre and Loadstone to each eye and heart,
Supported only by Gods powerfull hand,
She foure and forty yeeres did rule this land,
And then she left her royall Princely seat,
Shee changd earths greatnesse to be heavenly great.
Thus did this VVesterne worlds great wonder die,
She fell from height to be aduanc't more hie.
Terrestriall Kings and Kingdomes all must fade,
Then blest is shee that is immortall made.
Her death filld wofull *England* full of feares,
The Papists long'd for change with itching eares.
For her decease was all their onely hope,
To raise againe the doctrine of the Pope.
But he whose power is all omnipotent,
Did their vnhappy hopelesse hopes preuent.
Succession lawfully did leaue the Crowne,
Vnto a Prince, whose vertue and renowne,
And learning doth out-strip all Kings as farre,
As doth the Sunne obscure a little starre.
VVhat man (that is but man) could baffle more,
Romes seuen-headed purple, beastly whore,
How wisely hath he *Bellarmsine* confuted,

And

And how diuinely hath he oft disputed.
How zealously he doth Gods Faith defend,
How often on Gods word he doth attend.
How clement, pious, and how gracious good,
Is hee, as fits the greatnesse of his blood.
VVert not for him, how would the Muses doe?
He is their patterne, and their Patron too.
He is th' Apollo from whose radiant beames,
The Quintessence of Poetry out-fireames.
And from the splendor of his piercing raies,
A world of worthy writers winnes the baies.
Yet all the worthy vertues so transparent,
And so well knowne in him to be inherent,
Cannot perswade the Papists leaue their strife,
VVith cursed treasons to attempt his life:
For when their disputations help't them not,
They would dispute in a damn'd powder plot.
In which the Romish went beyond the Diuell,
For hell could not inuent a plot so euill,
But he that plac'd him on his royall throne,
(The God of *Iacob*, *Iudahs* holy one)
That God (for Iesus sake) I doe beseech,
(VVith humble heart, and with vnfaigned speech).
That he and his, may *Britaines* Scepter sway,
Till time, the world, and all things passe away.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of Martyrs.

She made the Antichristian Kingdome quake,
She made the mighty power of *Spain* to shake
As farre as *Sunne* or *Moon* disappearft their raies,
So farre and further went her matchlesse praise.
She was at home, abroad, in every part,
Loadstarre and Loadstone to each eye and heart,
Supported only by Gods powerfull hand,
She fourty and forty yeeres did rule this land,
And then she left her royall Princely seat,
Shee changed earths greatness to be heauenly great.
Thus did this *VVesterne* world a great wonder doe,
She fell from height to be aduanc't more high
Terrestrial Kings and Kingdomes all must fade,
Then blessed shee that is immortal made.
Her death filld wofull *England* full of feare,
The Papists long'd for change with itching teare,
For her decess was all their onely hope,
To raise againe the doctrine of the Pope.
But he whose power is all omnipotent,
Did their vnhappy hopelesse hopes preuent
Succession lawfully did leaue the Crowne,
Vnto a Prince, whose vertue and renowne,
And learning doth out-strip all Kings as farre,
As doth the *Sunne* obseure a little starre.
VVhat man (that is but man) could baffle more,
Romes seven-headed purple, beaustly whore,
How wisely hath he *the* *heretike* confuted,

And how diuinely hath he oft disputed.
How zealously he doth Gods Faith defend,
How often on Gods word he doth attend,
How clement, pious, and how good,
Is hee, as fits the greatness of his blood.
VVere not for him, how would the Muses
He to their partaine, and their Patron too.
He is th' Apollo from whose radiant beames,
The Quintessence of Poetry our beames,
And from the splendor of his piercing raies,
A world of worthy writers winnes the baies.
Yet all the worthy Venues so transparently,
And so well knowing in him to be iust,
Could not perswade the Papists leaue their life,
VVith cursed treason to attempt his life.
For when their disputations haue't them past,
They would dispute in a damned powder plot,
In which the Rebels went beyond the Coast,
For hell could not invent a plot so euill.
But he that plac'd him on his royall throne,
(The God of *Iacob*, *Iudahs* holy one)
That God (for *Iesus* sake) I doe beseech,
(VVith humble heart, and with vnfaigned speech)
That he and his, may *Britaines* Scepter sway,
Till time, the world, and all things passe away.

FINIS.

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